

Fear

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Summary: A letter from a very frightened Imperial General...not what you would expect from him

Fear

To Whoever May Find This:

>
 I am afraid. Afraid of myself, of what this power has done to me. I fear I am going mad.

> The purpose of this letter is not to beg forgiveness--what I may do will surely be horrid--but to explain why. I realize that the power is too strong to ignore, and it will drive me to do many awful things. So I seek to offer an explanation. Believe me or not, what I say is the truth.
 I was not always the evil madman I know everyone will remember me as. No, I was once a fine soldier. Perhaps too fine, for when His Majesty needed a test subject, my name was at the top of the list.

> They gave me power--power that had lain dormant for a thousand years. But there were problems. The most evident at first was the pallor. After the procedure, I was and still remain the white shadow of death. Coupled with the characteristic dark eyes of my heritage, the result was a very jester-like appearance. Back then, it was only an image. But lately, I have noticed that jester trying to take hold of me. An evil spirit, perhaps imbued in me along with the power. Maybe it was an Esper's form of vengeance.
 I write this in what may be my last hours of sanity, for that evil spirit is winning. He will soon control me.

> I first noticed him when I was sleeping. The dreams--so violent, and yet...a part of me enjoyed them, delighted in the brutality surrounding me. Thus begun the madness' attacks on me. Soon, I was picturing killing everyone, even those people I once considered my friends. And the professor's adopted daughter. A few days ago, she was wandering the halls. When I spied her, I closed my eyes and imagined killing her. How I would do it--not quickly, but over a period of many years. Keeping her alive, but just barely, delighting in her pain, and leaving her only to torture others
 It was then I realized the hold that this creature truly has on me. I can no longer

fight it. It will not allow me to destroy myself, it is far too smart for that.

> This madness that consumes me will soon triumph. And then I will no longer be...human. I will be a demon.
 How I fear for myself, and those around me!

> Again, I do not wish you to forgive me. What I will do to this world is unforgivable. But I do wish you to understand.

> With Many Regrets--
 K. Palazzo

>

End
file.